

# Brookville American.

VOL. 1.

BROOKVILLE, INDIANA, FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1858.

NO. 21.

## Brookville American.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY

W. H. FOSTER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One dollar and fifty cents per year, payable in

advance, two dollars at the end of six months,

or three dollars at the expiration of the year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, (ten lines or less), one insertion...

One column, (changeable quarterly)...

Business notices published in the Standard...

Advertisements to insure insertion must be

sent by Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock.

Advertisements will be published until

ordered out, and charged accordingly.

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Mrs. Grey had been left by the death

of her husband, sole guardian of the

three girls whose names have appeared

on this page. She was an active, ambi-

tious woman, one of the sort for whom

nothing is ever finished enough with-

out a few touches, and emendations,

and as such people always make a

mighty affair of education, Mrs. Grey

had made it a life's enterprise to order,

adjust and settle the characters of her

daughters, and when she used the word

character as Mrs. Grey understood it,

we mean to include face, figure, dress,

accomplishments, as well as those essen-

tial items, mind and heart.

Mrs. Grey had determined that her

daughter should be something altogether

or out of the common way, and accord-

ingly she had conducted the training of

the two eldest with such zeal, and effect,

that every trace of an original charac-

ter was thoroughly obliterated out of

them. All of their opinions, feelings,

words and actions instead of gushing

naturally from their hearts, were, ac-

cording to the most approved authority,

diligently compared and revised. Emma,

the eldest, was an imposing showy

girl, of some considerable talent, and

she had been assiduously trained to

make a sensation as a woman of ability

and intellect. Her mind had been filled

with information on all sorts of sub-

jects, much faster than she had power

to digest or employ it, and the standard

her ambitious mother had set for

her, being rather above the range of

her abilities, there was a constant sen-

sation of effort in keeping up to it. In

hearing her talk you were constantly

reminded, "I am a woman of intellect—

I am entirely above the ordinary level

of women;" and on all subjects she was

so anxiously and laboriously well and

circumstantially informed that it was

enough to make one's head ache to hear

her talk. Isabella, her second daughter,

was a perfect beauty—a tall, spry,

sparkling, Cleopatra-looking girl, whose

rich, coral, dazling eyes, and superb

figure might have bid defiance to art

to furnish an extra charm; nevertheless,

each grace had been as indefatigably

drilled and maneuvered as the mem-

ber of an artillery company. Byes,

every motion of her sculptured limbs,

every intonation of her silvery voice

had been studied, considered and cor-

rected till even her fastidious mother

could discern nothing that was wanted.

Then were added all the graces of belles

lettres—all the improved rules of being

delighted with music painting, and last

of all came the "art" of the continent

travelling, being considered a sort of

pamphlet for rubbing down the var-

nish and giving the very last touch

to character.

During the time that all this was go-

ing on, Miss Fanny, whom we now de-

clare our heroine, has been growing up

in the quietude of her mother's country

and growing as girls are apt to

grow, much faster than her mother imag-

ined. She was a fair slender girl, with

a charming simplicity of appearance,

which, if it be not in itself a beauty,

had all the best effect of beauty, and an

interesting and engaging heart.

to the pattern which was daily set be-

fore her, she came at last to the conclu-

sion that some natural inferiority must

forever prevent her from aspiring to ac-

complish anything in that way.

"If I can't be what my mother wish-

es, I'll at least be myself," said she one

day to her sisters, "for if I try to alter,

I shall neither be myself or anybody

else," and her mother and sisters came

to the same conclusion. And on the

whole her mother and sisters found it a

very convenient thing to have one in

the family who was not studying effort,

or aspiring to be anything in particular.

It was very agreeable to Mrs. Grey

to have a daughter to sit with her when

she had the sick headache, while the

other girls were entertaining company

in the drawing room below. It was

very convenient to her sisters to have

some one whose dress took so little time

that she had always a head and pair of

hands at their disposal in case of any

toilette emergency. Then she was al-

ways loving and affectionate, entirely

willing to be outdone on every occa-

sion, and that was another advantage.

As to Isabella and Emma, the sensation

that they made in society was sufficient

to have gratified a dozen ordinary

belles. And all this while, all this

was, was instant, and unquestionable

precedent, and young gentlemen, all

starch and perfume, twirled their laced

pocket handkerchiefs and declared up-

on their honor that they knew not

which was the most overcoming, the

genius and wit of Miss Emma, or the

bright eyes of Miss Isabella, though it

was an agreed point, that between them

both, not a heart in the gay world re-

mained in it's owner's possession, a

thing which might have a serious sound

to one who did not know the character

of these artificial often the most tri-

ling items in the inventory of worldly

possessions. And all this while, all

that was said of our heroine, was some-

thing in this way, "I believe there is an-

other sister, is there not?"

"Yes, there is a quiet, little blue-eyed

girl, who never has a word to say for

herself, quite amiable, I'm told."

Now it was not a fact that Miss Fan-

ny never had a word to say for herself.

If one had seen her on a visit at any

one of the houses along the little green

street of her native village, they might

have learned that her tongue could go

fast enough.

But in the lighted drawing rooms

and among buzzing voices, and sur-

rounding people who were always

saying things because such things were

said, Fanny was almost dumb. For being

simple in your manners, and for having

heart enough left, as I hope, to love plain

George Somers with all his faults, and

Mr. Somers' reputation, or Mr. Somers'

establishment.

"Well, this is all very reasonable to

me, of course," said Fanny, "but it will

be so much Greek to poor mamma."

"I dare say your mother never could

understand, now, seeing the very com-

plex of cultivation in all countries, should

have really made my eyes ache, and to

long for something as simple as green

grass or pure water to rest them on. I

came down to find it among my cousins,

and I found in your sisters, only just

such women as I saw, wondered at, and

admired all over Europe till I was tired

of admiring. Your mother has achieved

what she aimed at perfectly. I know

of no circle that could produce any

higher specimen—but it is all tri-

umphant art, after all, and I have a

strong current of natural feeling run-

ning through my heart, that I never

could be happy except with a fresh,

simple, impulsive character."

"Like me, are you going to say?" said

Fanny, laughing. "Well, I'll admit that

you are right. It would be a pity that

you should not have one vote at least."

A Great Man.

George Lippard, in his work called

The Nazarene, thus speaks of President

Jackson.

He was a man! Well I remember

the day I waited upon him. He sat

there in his chair—I can see that

ted the most choice and reserved style

of hair, even now. We told him of the

public distress—the manufacturers' ru-

ined, the eagles shrouded in rags, were

borne at the head of twenty thousand

men into Independence Square. He

heard us all. We begged him to leave

the deposits where they were—to up-

lift the money, and he said, "I will do

it, but I did not say a word. At last

one of our members, more fiery than

others, made the remark that if they

were crushed, a rebellion might follow.

Then the old man rose. I can see him

yet.

"Come!" he shouted in a voice of thun-

der, as his clenched hand was raised

above his white hair—"Come with you

to your hands, instead of pet-

ting—surround the White House with

your arms, I am ready for you all!"

With the people at my back whom your

gold cannot buy nor awe. I will swing

you around the Capitol—each rebel of

you on a gibbet like a Haman's."

"When I think," says the author, "of

that man, standing there at Wash-

ington, battling with all the powers of

Bank and party combined, betrayed by

those in whom he trusted, assailed by

all the snake of malice could hiss, or

the fiend of falsehood howl—when I

think of that one man placing his back

against the rock and folding his arms

for the blow, while he uttered his vow:

"I will not sever one inch from the

course I have chosen!"—I must confess

that the records of Greece and Rome—